

RESOLVED.

Because this grief has come to me, I will not let my hands and weep. Nor let some lower, feebler aim Into my bosom dare to creep.

"LA FILOMELA."

The hard work of my practice in London had so completely exhausted my energies that in January, two years ago, I was obliged to seek rest and change.

Of course I heard a great deal of their instructors. They laughed at their German master in an amiable way; imitated the fiery Italian, whose patriotism was the motif for most eloquent discourses; and pitied the Parisian, who could not persuade herself their accent was sufficiently pure.

They called this lady (whose name was Giulia Martigny) "La Filomela," and told me if I could but hear her sing, I should never again mention such second rate voices as those of the prima donna of London, Paris and Vienna.

"Does the lady encourage them?" asked I. "By no means," was the answer; "she discourages the slightest attempt to establish more friendly relations; and all I know of her is that she was trained for a public singer, and has for some reason entirely relinquished the career, and will only teach or perform at private concerts, and even then she is capricious in her choice of houses to which she will go."

"In what way?" I inquired. "She has never sung for any of the Americans here, but for French, English, or foreigners of any other nationality, she will always appear; and her voice and style are really quite out of the common. She would have succeeded well in public, I am certain."

"Strange!" I said. "What belongings has she?" "That I really do not know," replied my sister. "I have heard her mention her father, but I do not feel sure that he lives with her. She never goes anywhere before nine in the evening, or stays after eleven. She has a little brougham, and at night a young maid-servant is always in it. She seems to have no acquaintances, and not to wish for any. I confess the slight mystery piques me a little, as we usually learn the histories of the girls' teachers so quickly."

"She is probably very poor," suggested I, "and does not wish to display her want of means to all beholders."

"I think not," was the reply. "I should judge her to be comfortably circumstanced as far as money goes." The conversation ended, and as I had not seen the lady, the matter faded from my mind. One day I came back from a visit to a confrere earlier than I expected, as he was summoned away, and on opening the door of my sister's "flat," I heard some one singing with a voice so pure, so melodious, so round and full, that I stood transfixed. The opening words of Braga's serenade, "O quai mi risvegliano," filled the vestibule with wistful, longing tones, and a soft accompaniment of organ and violin harmonized to perfection. It was only for a few bars, however, for Lucy's little voice took up the strain, and the spell was broken. I went to the morning-room in search of my sister, and asked if it were "La Filomela" I had heard; a needless question, for I knew it could be no one else, and was filled with a desire to hear her notes again. Laura told me that most likely she would not sing any more, as she very seldom did so, and that her method of teaching was one of her peculiarities, being conducted so much more by precept than example, and yet entirely successful.

"But," she added, "I have taken tickets for a concert in aid of some charity which is to be held at the house of the Duchess de L'Agan" next week, and as "La Filomela" is to sing two songs, you had better go with us and hear her."

"Willingly," I replied. "It would greatly please me to see the possessor of such a voice."

My nieces were delighted that I had heard their nightingale, and told me she had seated herself at the instrument to show Lucy it was possible to play

the song and sing it too, and had let Mary take the violin accompaniment.

The night of the concert arrived, and then I saw "La Filomela." How shall I describe my impressions? We all know how difficult it usually is to recollect the idea we formed of those with whom we are now intimate when our acquaintance with them was only beginning, and yet the memory of the picture this girl made on my mind is clear enough to me now. A crowded room, a fashionable audience, a popular tenor, a tremendous pianist—heat, light, perfumes, flowers—all that had made up the scene faded as the folds of the heavy curtain at the side of the platform were parted, and a slight, girlish figure appeared, dressed simply in creamy satin and with a string of pearls around her throat and a bunch of crimson rosebuds for sole ornament. She walked gracefully and was entirely self-possessed; when she stood before the audience she raised her lovely gray eyes and gravely, quietly scanned the faces of her listeners. Her manner struck me greatly; there was no trace of excitement, scarcely a sign of interest in what she had to do, yet the look she threw along the rows of seats made me feel that it was a matter of consequence to her who filled them.

"She sang some music by a young amateur which had been written for her, and the composer was her accompanist. The words were sad ones, and each verse ended with a refrain of "Ma pace mai, mai!" The idea was that the singer could taste love again, fame, ambition, but that remorse prevented any hope of peace; and the earnestness with which the signorina gave "But peace, oh! nevermore," was almost terrible. When the song ceased, the audience remained perfectly still for some seconds, and then a whirlwind of applause literally shook the room. No encores were permitted, owing to the length of the programme, so "La Filomela" was not seen again till her next turn came in its course, and then she sang an elaborate scene, which displayed the excellence of her training and the beauty of her voice, but to me it was meaningless. In the first piece was the soul of the singer, in the second only the power of the songstress. After she left the room it became dark to me, and promising to return in time to escort my sister to her carriage, I went out into the starlit streets, thankful to be alone, for I realized at once what had befallen me. I, Paul Messent, wrapped up heart and soul in a profession which devours the minds and bodies of its votaries, had fallen blindly, desperately in love with this girl whom I had seen once and heard twice, and for me the world was changed.

I passed a wakeful night, but by the morning my resolution was taken and my plans made. I would seek this girl, and if possible win her. Why should I not? I felt certain that no fault of her own caused her isolation, and for anything else I cared not at all.

A week after the concert my sister gave a musical party, and then I had a chance of speaking with La Signorina Martigny. She was sweet and gracious, and one evening's companionship seemed almost to make us friends. I went to every house I could at which she sang, and used every means in my power to penetrate the veil of mystery with which she enveloped herself; in vain. At the end of a month I found myself more fondly attached to and more helplessly apart from her than I could have believed possible. I had never passed her threshold, but I haunted the street in which she lived, just for the sake of seeing her enter or descend from her carriage, and gaining a smile or look of recognition.

I was becoming desperate, and meditating an avowal of my passion to her, when one afternoon my sister said: "Paul, I have been to 'La Filomela's' house."

"Indeed!" said I; have you made any startling discoveries?" "No," was the answer, "but I think Giulia was vexed with me." "Why did you go?" asked I. "I had a note from her this morning, asking if she might postpone to-morrow's lesson till Thursday," was the reply, "but that cannot be, as we go to Versailles on that day, you recollect. I forgot to write to her before going out, and as I was passing the door this afternoon I sought admittance, really without giving the matter the second thought."

"Well?" I inquired, as my sister paused. "The door was opened by a very old servant, who looked at me with surprise, but ushered me into the prettiest little sitting room I have seen for a long time. There is no lack of comfort in her surroundings. I had time to notice that there was a large armchair near the fire, with plenty of cushions in it, and beside it a small table, with a spectacle case and an embroidered velvet cap on it, before Giulia came in. Her manner was stiff, but she thanked me for the trouble I was taking to arrange the change of day, for which she apologized. Her father lives with her, I feel sure, and he is old and infirm."

"You ought to be a detective, Laura," said I, "with such powers of observation and deduction." "That evening as I was making my accustomed patrol in front of Giulia's house, I noticed a man, tall and dark, with a pointed beard, who also walked up and down before the same residence. He looked continually at the first floor windows of No. 17, where were "La Filomela's" apartments. He was dressed as a gentleman and looked strong, but I observed he had a slight limp. For three evenings I noticed him, and began to wonder why he was watching my darling's home, and if he were connected with the strangeness of her behavior.

On going into my sister's drawing-room a week after she had called at No. 17 Rue du Colisee, I found her and Giulia in earnest conversation. Giulia was crying and my sister seemed agitated.

"Here is Paul," she said; "we had better tell him, Signorina, he will help us."

"My father is very ill," she said, looking up at me with her eyes full of tears. "He will see no doctor. I don't know what to do."

"Tell me his symptoms," said I. She described his sufferings, from her

careful account of which I easily gathered the nature of his malady. "Have you tried such and such remedies?" I asked. For answer she showed me three or four prescriptions, which told me his case was a bad one, and of long standing; the only other help of which I knew I could not order without seeing the patient.

"I believe I know a palliative," I said, "but I dare not prescribe it without seeing your father." "He will let no one come to us," she said sadly, and I could see she clasped her hands tightly, and maintained her composure with an effort. "He wishes to be quite unknown in Paris, and fears seeing any stranger lest it should lead to his being recognized."

"But, Signorina," I said, "his condition is serious; to a doctor his patient is only a 'case.' Explain this to him; let me call this afternoon. You cannot witness his suffering without feeling it imperative he should have help."

"I will try," she said. "Will you come at four on the chance of seeing him?"

"Assuredly," I replied. My heart ached at having to let her go with such a weight of care on her sweet face. Laura told me that Giulia had been obliged to tell her the seclusion in which they lived was caused by the dread of their being discovered by an enemy who ruthlessly pursued them with some motive for revenge. She had been forced to give up the career for which she had been educated, because it made hiding impossible; and she further confided to my sister that this enemy would give up his wish to injure her father if she would consent to marry him, but that she could not do.

The next few hours passed slowly for me, and yet my spirits rose. Surely this chance would bring me nearer my darling. I could undertake her father's case with confidence, for his disease was one I specially studied, and success with which had been the chief cause of my gaining with somewhat unusual rapidity a large practice. At 4 o'clock I was admitted to the patient, whom I found suffering under a distressing prostration of his malady, and I was thankful to be of use to him. At length he fell asleep, and I persuaded Giulia to leave him to the care of their old servant, and to take some rest. She was engaged to sing that evening at the house where I had first seen her; she told me the duchess was to have a large party, and counted on her presence, and as she had been one of her earliest friends, she was anxious to keep her appointment. I could assure her I thought her father would suffer no more for the present, but hid from her that his case was desperate and the end not far distant, though I apprehended no immediate danger. She consented to allow me to sit with him during her absence at the concert, and I promised to go to the Rue Bel Perino, where the duchess lived, to meet her as she left, and convey the latest news of the patient.

My watch by the old man's side soon passed; he was dreadfully weak, but talked to me apparently with confidence. He said that with his death Giulia's life would change, and that he believed it would be a happy thing for his darling when he was taken. "She will not think so," he added in his feeble voice, "we love each other so dearly."

Before eleven I took my way down the Avenue Friedland to the Rue Bel Perino; the duchess' house was near the corner, and as I was early I did not enter the street but walked up and down. It was April, and the soft spring night was delicious. There had been a shower, and the pavements gleamed in the lamplight; carriages were rolling to and fro, but of pedestrians there were few. I saw Giulia's brougham waiting near the turning to the street; the driver's face was toward me, so I quickly recognized him; he was conversing with a man who leaned against the lamp-post close by, and whose head was raised so that the light fell strongly on him for a moment. I saw a black-pointed beard, and needed not that he should move away with a slight limp to enable me to recognize the stranger who had been watching "La Filomela's" dwelling. I felt that I must tell Giulia of him, so I begged for a seat in her carriage that I might go home with her. She seemed surprised when I accompanied her into the house and asked her to give me a few minutes' conversation. She went to look at her father, who was sleeping peacefully, and then came back to me. I plunged at once into the subject, and told her that I thought she ought to be warned about the man whom I had seen watching her house and talking to her coachman; when I described him and mentioned the limp with which he walked, she sank into a chair and became so white I feared she would faint. Her dilated eyes had such a look of terror and anguish in them that I could not forbear taking one of her cold hands in mine and saying, earnestly: "Signorina, trust me! Tell me your secret; I implore you to let me try and help you."

"I will! I must!" she said. "I can bear it no longer alone. This man whom you have seen is Seth Walton, my enemy; my father wronged him; he was agent in New York for him; his own business was grievously unsuccessful, and he took some of Mr. Walton's money. It was to give me the three years' education in Rome, which would enable me to sing in public. He hoped to repay it before it was necessary to settle accounts, but could not. Mr. Walton discovered it and came to us in Vienna; it was the night of my first concert; how well I remember it! I had made a success, and when we reached our home this man was waiting for us; and I heard what father had done. Since then we have wandered about. We are Americans, and our name is really Martin—mine Judith. We have tried to hide, and have been in many cities and I have shunned my country people everywhere, but still he has always found us. He threatens to have my father arrested—unless I marry him. Ah!" she said, with a broken sob, "I can not do that—death would be preferable—we must go away again."

"Will he not take the money and relinquish his revenge?" I asked.

"No," she said; "of course we have offered him that—nay, thrice the sum—and the amount is lying at his banker's in New York; but he holds the proofs of the deed, and seems to care only to be revenged."

This was indeed terrible, and I could only implore her to let me see this man if he should attempt to invade their home. I left her, promising to come early on the morrow. I told Laura the sad history, and we agreed that she had better accompany me to the Rue du Colisee in the morning, and that we should try to keep watch all day. At 10 o'clock we were there, and I found, to my sorrow, that a change had taken place in Mr. Martin's condition. He was sinking rapidly, and a few hours might see the end. I was obliged to tell Judith as gently as I could, and she bore the news bravely. It was as I had surmised; by the evening Robert Martin's sobs and sorrows were over, and I gazed at the calm features almost with thankfulness. His face looked much younger than it had done in life, but there was a weak expression on it, even in death. Judith's grief was sad to witness, but she was patient exceedingly and permitted me to arrange for her all details, as if I were an old and trusted friend.

I went to her house on some business the afternoon after the death, and hearing that she was sleeping, I asked that I might go into the sitting room to write a note. The old servant was out but Judith's little maid showed me in and gave me what I needed.

I was busy writing when there was a loud ring at the outer door, a rough voice said: "I shall enter; let me pass, girl." The door was flung open, and Seth Walton came rudely in. He paused a moment in surprise at seeing me, but began coarsely—

"I know that Robert Martin lives here; I insist on seeing him!"

I stood up and gazed at this man; a grim idea came to me. "You shall see him!" I replied, and opened the door of the room where all that remained of the poor old man was lying; his white bed decked with flowers. Turning down the covering, I showed Seth Walton the features of him who had injured him.

"Foiled!" he exclaimed, as he fell back against the wall. Almost immediately he recovered, however, and without more words left the room and the house.

Little remains to tell. I won my darling, and Seth Walton with his threats and terrors has vanished from our lives. He accepted the money of which he had been defrauded, calculating to the last penny the interest thereon, and he is prosperous in his native land; while in all London cannot be found a happier couple than "La Filomela" and her hardy-worked husband.

Games of Savages. London Saturday Review.

We must look for considerable simplicity in the games of savages. We must also allow for their want of mechanical skill. No outsider, not even Mr. Gale, knows how a cricket ball is stuffed and sewed; some at least of the processes are a trade mystery. The savage cannot produce a cricket ball, a golf ball, a billiard ball, or his equipment is thus scanty, and he has to do the best in his power with the rude materials and means at his command. Yet we must not despise the games of the savages. Little studied as they have been by the anthropologist (for even Mr. Taylor has chiefly written about a primitive form of backgammon and about tsigan, or polo, alone), the games of savages deserve to be observed with respect. The arrangement of such vague things as savage games is not very easy. They may, perhaps, be classed as imitative, gambling and purely sportive, though the divisions naturally overlap and run into each other. The first category may be dismissed briefly enough. Of savage as of civilized children it may be said that "their whole vocation is endless imitation." A wedding or a funeral among their elders is copied by the little ones in childish play. The Esquimaux children "build little snow huts, which they light up with scraps of lampwick begged from their mothers." Australian children have their tiny boomerangs and light yet dangerous boys' spears, the latter being made of a long reed tipped with a sharp piece of hard, heavy wood. Australian children are regularly taught by the old men to wield their little weapons, and the late Mr. Grimston, at Harrow, has his Australian counterpart in the aged Murray, who sets up the mark for the children and teaches them how to direct their missiles. A disk made of bark is thrown bark down on the ground, and, as it bounds along with irregular leaps, the young blacks cast at it with their spears. "Obedience, steadiness, fair play and self-command were inculcated by the practices witnessed" in the playing fields of the bush. The imitative games of young savages, then, are like those of other people, only varying in the things imitated. Among games we can scarcely reckon are the dances of the adults, in which the manners and customs of beasts are imitated. These dances have usually a religious sense (as when the Athenian girls mimicked the bear in the worship of Artemis), or they are magical ceremonies, intended to secure luck in the chase.

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"Look heah, Ransom," said an old negro to a young fellow, "I doan' min' yer 'sociatin' wid my daughter, but I druther yer wouldn' come round my house no mo'. Time 'fore de las' that yer wuz heah, I missed er water bucket, an' de las' time de bridle wuz gone, an' now, ez I has use fur de saddle, I druther yer wouldn't come heah. I doan' say dat yer ain't hones', fur de Lawd knows I blebes yer is, but such cings happens while yer is in de neighborhood, so jes' ter please er ole man, whut ain't enjoyin' yer good health, please doan' come round dis house no mo'."—Arkansas Traveler.

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